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COMPANION

TO THE

LEASOWES,

HAGLEY,

AND

ENVILLE.

BIRMINGHAM.

Print by William Hedges, 3, Edgerton Street, and may be had
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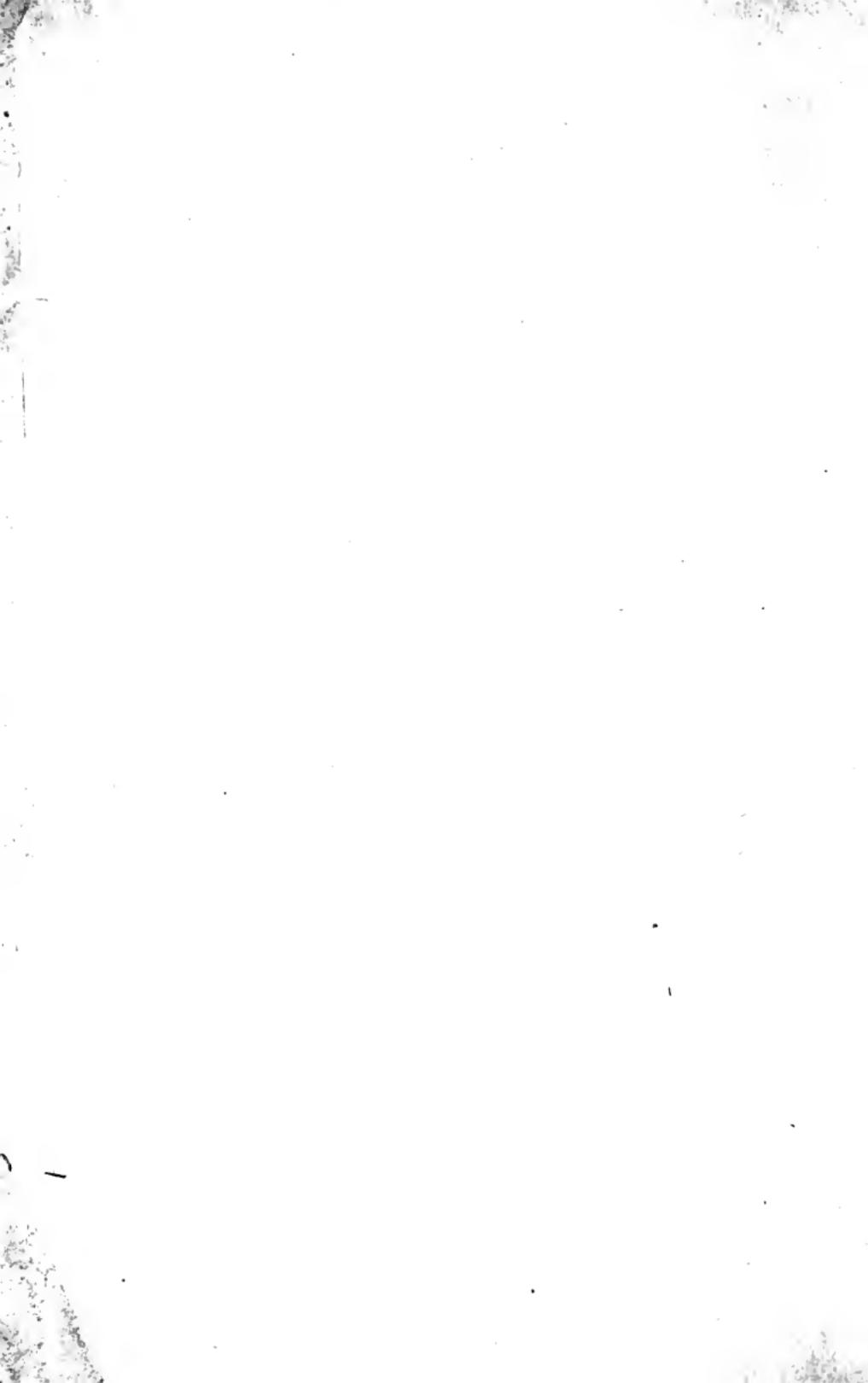
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(original drawing)
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? by A. M. Miller?



A

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COMPTON

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LEASOWES.



THE
CROWN
AND
SCEPTRE

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AND
SCEPTRE





A

C O M P A N I O N

TO THE

L E A S O W E S, &c.

ALTHO' in this delightful EPITOME of rural elegance, 'tis possible to discover that the Hand of Art has done much, guided by the most glowing imagination, and refined taste, yet it is evident that nature has done infinitely more: — The chief merit of Mr. Shenstone, the celebrated designer of the LEASOWES, visibly consisted in lopping off exuberances and supplying omissions; now heightening a beauty, and now concealing a blemish. — In the course of our progress thro' the varied scenes which the LEASOWES present, we shall have frequent occasion to admire the skill and discernment of its arranger.

A

ON

THE LEASOWES.

On the road leading from Birmingham, about half a mile short of Hales-Owen, we turn to the entrance on the left, and by a declining hollow way, rendered rather gloomy by the lofty overhanging trees, we arrive at a GATE, arched over with rude stones, which conducts to

THE PRIORY WALK;

Through whose sequestered Path, the mind, lull'd into a calm repose, is suddenly roused, upon arriving near the first Seat, by the harsh clamours of

A C A S C A D E,

tumbling impetuously over rocks and irregular breakers, while a steep stony hill, on the opposite side, implanted thickly with trees, and beset with bushes, gives it an awful grace, and every appearance of the work of chance.

Beside a seat just within the entrance, is the following inscription;

— — — — — Lucis habitamus opacis,
Riparumque toros, et prata recentia rivis
Incolumus.

VIR. AENEID 6—673.

— Thro' various scenes we rove
As fancy guides, from verdant grove to grove,
Or stretch'd on flow'ry turf extended lie,
Lull'd by the tinkling tills that murmur nigh.

ANON.

One side of this varied recess is richly covered with trees, bushes and green-sward, decorated with numerous scattered flowers of spontaneous growth, whilst here and there the bending trunk of a tree, or the expanding root of a rising oak, stretches across and interrupts the path, by the semblance of rude neglect, adding to the real beauty and wilderness of the scene.

The other side of the Dell is crowded with bushy tufts, from top to bottom, through whose clustering sprays the current, winding from the fall of the Cascade, mingles with the unruffled lake* beneath. Here the serene beauties of the scene are particularly striking, after the romantic wilderness of that we have left behind. Advancing

A 2

to

* The Pool formed here by Mr. Shenstone, has been enlarged into a beautiful Lake by the present Proprietor.

to the water's * edge, the view becomes more open, taking in HALES-OWEN STEEPLE, and the shady shelving sides of the Clent Hills.

A seat judiciously placed here by the present proprietor, allows us to contemplate at ease this charming landscape. From hence turning to the left we enter a path, winding its mazy way by the side of the stream till the eye catches a rill gently murmuring down the steepy banks, and losing itself in the pool below. Soon after we come to a *Seat* which bears those lines :

Huc

* Near to this place was formerly fixed the following inscription,

AMICITIA ET MERITIS
RICARDI GRAVES.

— — — Ipsæ te Tityre, pinus

Ipsii te Fontes, ipsa hæc Arbusta vocabunt.

VIR. 1st Ec.

To the Friendship and Merit
Of RICHARD GRAVES.

For thee, the bubbling Springs appear'd to mourn,
And whisp'ring Pines made Vows for thy return.

DRYDEN.

Huc ades, O Melibæ! caper tibi salvus et hædi;
 Et, si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra.

VIR. 7 Ec.

Hither, O Melibæus, haste,
 Safe are thy goats and kids,—
 And if no greater cares disturb your mind.
 Sit here with us, in covert of the wind.

DRYDEN.

Proceeding further we come to a small bench, from whence we catch a view on the other side of the stream of a lonely *Urn*, the pedestal is thus inscribed :

INGENIO ET AMICITIÆ
 GULIELMI SOMERVILLE
 G. S.
 POSUIT.

Debita spargens lacryma favillam
 Vatis amici.

To the genius and friendship
 Of WILLIAM SOMERVILLE,
 W. S. rais'd this urn,
 Bedewing the ashes of his poetical friend
 with tears.

The next object that fixes our attention, is

THE WOOD HOUSE;

Seated in a fine grove, richly beset with chestnuts and larches; from the entrance of whose moss-grown seat, we are charmed with one of the most romantic scenes, ever formed by the joint labours of art and nature.

This spot was originally inscribed to the EARL OF STAMFORD; — but the present proprietor has, with abundant taste and propriety, dedicated it to the memory of its late owner, and placed the following inscription against the rude moss-grown trunks which form this recess:

GULIELMO SHENSTONE

Qui hujuscē Ruris amēnitates

Nec gratas olim, nec cognitas,

Ingenio Suo Indagavit,

Litteris exornavit,

Moribus commendavit:

Sedem cum Rivo

Dedicat

E. H.

TO

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE

Whose taste discovered,
Whose learning adorned,

Whose manners grac'd
The charms of this Rural Spot,

Formerly neither admir'd nor known,

E. H.

Dedicates
This Seat and Stream.

Directly in front, on a tumulus surrounded with
small firs, stands a plain white Urn, thus inscribed:

GENIO LOCI.

To the Genius of the Place.

From a considerable height rapidly rushes down,
over breakers of different kinds, a CASCADE:
the dashing fall of the water from so stupendous
a rock, the irregular plantation of matted shrubs,
intermingled with ashes, yews, and other trees
of bolder growth: the overhanging, circling
branches, which spread a gloomy horror over
the issuing head of the foaming surge, the steep
ragged sides, where the roots of large trees are left
bare by the violent force of the gushing stream, are
objects

objects which cannot fail of striking forcibly. — The whole is beheld with great advantage from a little seat at the root of a venerable oak.

It is with a kind of dread that we pursue the track leading to the first water-fall, but on reaching the summit, our fears insensibly vanish, and our labour is abundantly rewarded by the most simply delightful scene that ever graced the wilds of nature.

On our return to the Wood-house, we take a road leading up the shady valley, closely begirt with bushes, gofs, and thorns, which afford to the whole vale a wild rustic appearance. — This is judiciously contrived, to prevent the scene from breaking off too abruptly, which it would otherwise do, and the noble Cascade already described, would thus too strongly indicate the ingenious hand of the designer.

Proceeding further on, the view, by degrees, becomes more lively by the distant extension of noble waving trees. Amidst a clump of young oaks we find a circular *Bench*, thus complimentarily inscribed :

TO

TO Mr. DODSLEY.

Come then my Friend, thy Sylvan taste display,
Come, hear thy Faunus tune his rustic Lay ;
Ah ! rather come, and in these Dells disown
The care of other's strains, and tune thine own.

Directly behind this seat, in the midst of a grove of oaks, roughly edged with coppice and goss, is the statue of *Faunus* playing on his pipe, well executed and throwing a fine effect on the close en-folding wood.

From hence we have a pleasing prospect of the rural vale, terminated by a stately grove which winds into the bottom, well fenced on each side by a wide skirted wood.

The path conducts from this lovely spot, and leads winding through the dale, under the umbrage of stately beech trees, to another seat on a steep ascent, which bears these lines:

— me gelidum nemus,
Nympharumque leves cum satyris chorū,
Secernant populo —

Hor.

Be mine, amid the breezy grove,
 In sacred solitude to rove ;
 To see the Nymphs and Satyrs bound,
 Light dancing thro' the mazy ground.

FRANCIS.

Here a charming valley opens to our view, in the close of which formerly stood a lonely *Urn*, dedicated to the brother of Mr. Shenstone, which bore this inscription :

FRATRI EJUS UNICO,
 FRATRUM AMANTISSIMO,
 JUVENUM SUAVISSIMO
 HOMINUM INTEGERRIMO.

M D C C L I I.

To his only brother,
 The most loving of brothers,
 The most amiable of youths,
 And the honestest of men.

1752.

On the other side :
 Postquam te fata tulerunt,
 Ipsa Pales agros, atque ipse reliquit Apollo.

VIR. 5. EC.

When fate snatch'd thee away,
 Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
 Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain.

DRYDEN.

From a large seat somewhat further on, we have a fine prospect down the Dell, of

T H E P R I O R Y,

Situated within the verge of embowering trees; its venerable broken aspect presents to the imagination one of those ruined piles which the hand of gothic barbarity had heretofore despoiled, bearing every indication of such an awful mould'ring structure;—though, in fact, it is no more than a simple cottage so disguised: and was originally designed by Mr. SHENSTONE, as an asylum for age and indigence, to which purpose the present proprietor kindly destines it.—Would that every one possessed of ample domains appropriated some small portion of them to purposes so amiable!

From this seat the Priory appears to great advantage; the gothic windows wearing every resemblance of a decayed church, increase the solemnity of the surrounding scene.

But

But to pursue our course.—Ascending the declivity of a steep hill, by a path on the side of a stream nearly hidden with shrubs and grass, a *Seat* of desired rest unexpectedly presents itself, laying open to view a prospect too picturesque to admit description; which, though somewhat confined on the left by the luxuriant growth of stately oaks, comprehends such an extensive view of the adjoining country, wonderfully variegated with groves, woods, hills, valleys and houses, as to render it difficult for the most fastidious critic to determine

What shou'd be added, what be ta'en away.

Under the direction of such distinguished taste and judgment as Mr. SHENSTONE's, no wonder that almost every bench should offer as many delights to the mind, as each varied prospect presents to the eye; to convince us of the former, let us refer to the lines which heretofore graced this *Seat*:

- ‘ Shepherd wou'dst thou here obtain
- ‘ Pleasure unalloy'd with pain ?
- ‘ Joy that suits the rural sphere ?
- ‘ Gentle shepherd lend an ear.

‘ Learn

- ‘ Learn to relish calm delight,
- ‘ Verdant vales and fountains bright ;
- ‘ Trees that nod on sloping hills,
- ‘ Caves that echo tinkling rills.

- ‘ If thou canst no charm disclose,
- ‘ In the simplest bud that blows ;
- ‘ Go ! forsake the plain and fold,
- ‘ Join the crowd and toil for gold.

- ‘ Tranquil pleasures never cloy,
- ‘ Banish each tumultuous joy,
- ‘ All but love, for love inspires,
- ‘ Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

- ‘ Love, and all its joys be thine,
- ‘ Yet e'er thou the reigns resign,
- ‘ Hear what reason seems to say,
- ‘ Hear attentive and obey.—

- “ Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
- “ But beneath them lurks a thorn ;
- “ Fair and flow'ry is the brake,
- “ Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

- “ Think not she whose empty pride
- “ Dares the fleecy garb deride ;
- “ Think not she, who, light and vain,
- “ Scorns the sheep, can love the swain !

“ Artless

" Artless deed and simple dress,
 " Mark the chosen shepherdess;
 " Thoughts by decency controul'd,
 " Well conceiv'd and freely told.

 " Sense, that shuns each conscious air,
 " Wit, that falls e'er well aware;
 " Gen'rous pity, prone to sigh
 " If her kid or lambkin die.

 " Let not lucre, let not pride,
 " Draw thee from such charms aside;
 " Have not those their proper sphere?
 " Gentler passions triumph here.

 " See, to sweeten thy repose,
 " The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
 " Lo ! to crown thy healthful boatt,
 " All that milk and fruits afford.

 " Seek no more—the rest is vain,
 " Pleasure ending soon in pain:
 " Anguish lightly gilded o'er,
 " Close thy wish, and seek no more."

When we reflect on the poetical merit of the late
 possessor—Should a sigh heave, may it not deserve
 vent?—Should even a tear start, may we not let it
 flow?

Passing on through a wicket, we reach the summit of a mount, surrounded by large Scotch firs, from whence we have one of the most extensive prospects throughout our walk: here is placed an octangular seat encompassing an elevated table, which serves as a pedestal for a large goblet or vase with one handle, dedicated to the well known toast of

“ All Friends round the WREKIN.”

From hence, in different points, we have several delightful views, as the farm in its fullest lustre, the dusky top of the Wrekin (a prodigious mountain in Shropshire), part of the Clent hills, Witchbury wood, and its obelisk, proudly rearing their lofty heads over the vale, where scattered houses, villages, and clumps of trees diversify the scene; and, to add to the pleasing variety, the town of Hales Owen, appears, enveloped in a degree between swelling hills, and rising woods.

Gaining the hill we are indulged with a more extensive view of fallows, meads and pastures, where, on the boldest eminence of the whole farm, encompassed by a small grove, is

THE GOTHIC ALCOVE;
 From hence the prospect is greatly heighthened by
 a serpentine river, meandering through the lawns
 and glens.—The back part of the Alcove bears
 these lines in old black print:

¶ You that bathe in Countlye Blisse,
 Dr toyle in Fortune's giddy spheare;
 Do not too rashly deeme amisse,
 ¶ Of him that bides contentid here.

Nor yet disdigne the russet stole,
 Which o'er each carlesse Lymbe he flings;
 Nor yet deryde the beechen bowl,
 In whiche he quaffs the lympid Springs.

Forgyve him, if at Eve or Dawn,
 Devoide of Worldly Cark he stray:
 ¶ Of all besyde some flowerye Lawns,
 He taste his innoffensive Day.

So may He pardonne Fraud and Stryf,
 If such in publycke Haunt he see;
 For Faults there beene in busye Lyffe,
 From which these peacefull Glennes are free.

O ye that bathe in Courtly Blis,
 Or toil in Fortune's giddy Sphere;
 Do not too rashly deem amiss,
 Of him that bides contented here.

Nor yet disdain the ruffet Stole,
 Which o'er each careless limb he flings;
 Nor yet deride the beechen bowl,
 In which he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawn,
 Devoid of worldly care he stray :
 Or all beside some flow'ry lawn,
 He waste his inoffensive day.

So may he pardon fraud and strife,
 If such in public haunt he see ;
 For faults there be in busy life,
 From which these peaceful glens are free.

Pursuing the path which slopes down a shady steep, we have in view Hales-Owen steeple, with part of the hills and woods before described, elegantly adorned by scenes, wherein lakes and winding streams, irregularly dispersed, diversify the vales beneath.

Descending to a hatch, and crossing a road, we are conducted by a path running beside a row of trees to a seat under a lofty beech, bearing these lines :

Hoc erat in votis ; modus agri non ita magnus ;
 Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus, jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
 Dii melius fecere.

HOR. 6th SAT. L. 11.

A *little farm*, and a pleasant clear spring, a garden and a grove, were the utmost of my wishes; the gods in their bounty have exceeded my hopes, and I am contented.

DR. DUNSTER.

From this retreat we have too many rich prospects to be particularized ; a fine lawn, gently sloping down to the house, and amply displaying the simplicity of the pastoral scene, deserves regard. At the distance of about ten miles, through a noble clump of large oaks and spreading beeches, Lord Stamford's grounds are discernible, and beyond these the Clee-Hills near Ludlow.

The path from hence directs to another gate, opening on the outside of the farm, where nature seems

seems to wear a different aspect, the distant views being excluded and confined by rude irregular hills.

Beside the path, which runs amongst a cluster of lofty trees was formerly placed a seat, inscribed to the celebrated Mr. SPENCE, whose genuine poetical taste, heightened by most extensive erudition and uncommon critical abilities, placed him in the most distinguished rank of Mr. SHENSTONE's friends.

The path then glides gently down by the side of a hedge, and leading us through a wicket, we reach

THE LOVERS' WALK;

Here, from a solitary gloom, the scene is metamorphosed to a pleasing retirement, wherein we soon find a seat, in whose front a fine irregular piece of water presents itself, the banks beautifully decorated on one side by trees, whose drooping branches lave in the silver stream. We are particularly struck with a small island which rises in the centre, thinly shaded with trees, and through some opening oaks catch sight of a distant house, peeping over the valley; while, to render the spot more enchanting, the sound of a gently murmuring rivu-

let arrests the attention, and disposes the mind to the most pleasing contemplation:

— Soft as the gentle power whom all obey.

Keeping the margin of the flood we are conducted to another bench, uninscribed, from whence we distantly behold Hales-Owen Spire, and the woody, fringed horizon stretching behind ; a little onward we meet another seat which was formerly thus inscribed :

“ Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,

“ Candidior cygnis, hedera formosior albâ :

“ Cum primum pasti repetent præfepia tauri,

“ Si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

VIR. 7th Ec.

—
Fair Galatea, with thy silver feet,

O whiter than the swan, and more than Hybla sweet ;

Tall as a poplar, taper as the bole,

Come, charm thy shepherd, and restore my soul.

Come, when my lated sheep, at night return,

And crown the silent hours, and stop the rosy morn.

DRYDEN.

Here the winding water gradually grows narrower till it forms a purling stream, gliding down in soft meanders to the pool below.

From

From hence by a shady path running along the side of the narrow stream which empties itself below, we mount a gently rising swell, whereon a gilt *Urn* formerly was erected to the memory of Miss DOLMAN, on one side thus inscribed :

PER AMABILI S UÆ
C O N S O B R I N Æ.
M. D.

To his most beloved cousin
M. D.

The opposite side contained these lines :

AH MARIA!
PUELLARUM ELEGANTISSIMA
AH FLORE, VENUSTATIS ABREPTA
VALE!
HEU QUANTO MINUS EST
CUM RELIQUIS VERSARI,
QUAM TUI
MEMINISSE.

Ah Maria!
 Most elegant of Maidens
 Snatch'd away, alas!
 In the bloom of beauty,
 Farewel!
 Alas! how much less pleasure in the
 Society of those remaining,
 Than
 In contemplating thy memory.

The path now rises boldly to a seat, from whence, through the wild copse, we catch sight of a piece of water in the vale, whose extremities are hid behind trees and shrubs, from amid which the House, as it were emerging, adds considerably to the beauty of the view. A little onward, at the foot of a precipice, o'ertop'd by shrubs, is another bench, formerly decorated by that charming line of Pope,

" Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care."

Between this and the next seat, the ground rises so abruptly, that it was found necessary, in order to render it more accessible, to cut a zig-zag path thro' the sloping ragged banks. The bench, on the summit of this hill, is placed very apropos, and presents

presents us with a gay landscape ; the house and copious lawn extending round it ; which, together with the grange in the vale beneath, seated amidst lofty pines, is beautifully contrasted to the gloomy shades we so lately deserted. On the back of the seat are the following lines :

Hic latis otia fundis,

Speluncae, vivique lacus, hic frigida tempe

Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni,

VIR. GEOR. L. 11.

Cool grots, and living lakes, and flow'ry pride
Of meads, and streams that thro' the valley glide ;
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And after toilsome days, a sweet repose at night.

DRYDEN.

The same shady walk still winds its mazy course, till it introduces us to the opening of a long vista. In the midst of this, upon a small eminence, is a spacious seat, from whence looking through an opening in the trees over a woody glade, we are struck with a prospect inimitably fine. Beyond a scope of variegated country, rise up two verdant hills of peculiar beauty and corresponding size, having

having a sufficient intervening space to avoid the appearance of being crowded. The charming undulation of the outline which marks the horizon is singularly pleasing. The swelling sides of those delicious orbs as well as the vale beneath, scattered over with varied foliage ; the neighbouring meads and fallow fringed with shrubs, form an enlivening contrast ; while the stream, winding through the bottom, completes the picture.

Continuing the vista, which is pleasingly varied by gentle swells, we find at the end a simple structure, called the **TEMPLE of PAN**, with this inscription :

Pan primus calamos cerâ conjungere plures
Edocuit : Pan curat oves, oviumque magistros.

VIR. 2d Ec.

Pan taught to join with wax unequal reeds,

Pan loves the shepherds, and their flocks he feeds.

DRYDEN.

From the Temple we may turn into a path on the right, leading through a small gate which conducts

us

us up an ascent to a fine natural terrace, and from a seat* judiciously placed on its summit, we have a view, which, for extent and variety, infinitely exceeds any that we have been before presented with. Those two delicious swells, and the whole prospect we so much admired from the vista, heightened by an extensive scope of richly cultivated country, are relieved by the Clent Hills, the Wrekin, and Welsh mountains, whose dusky tops seem lost in the distant horizon.

Returning to the Temple, the walk shoots abruptly downward, amongst shady trees and shelving banks, till running along the side of a hawthorn hedge, in a beauteous meadow, added by the present proprietor, leads us to a seat, shaded by firs, from whence a sylvan scene expands itself, in all the variegated beauty of rural simplicity; the swelling lawns scattered o'er with beauteous full grown trees, under whose friendly shade the lowing herds and nibbling sheep securely feed—from just below

this

* This seat was formerly very aptly inscribed,
DIVINA GLORIA RURIS !

this seat, the verdant turf gently falling, and directly after, with the most graceful rise, mounting up to the bounding wood, has a very pleasing effect, and the scene is yet heightened by the view of detached groves, and the gothic alcove.

The next seat appears amidst a clump of firs, where the eye is agreeably diverted by some falls of water, rushing amidst the trees with great velocity down a narrow dingle, banked on each side by a swelling lawn. This view and seat are dedicated to the celebrated **GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON**. A little further on we find a bench which but little varies the prospect,* and from hence we proceed, through a wicket, to

V I R G I L's G R O V E,
where opens a scene,—

Sweet as the rural strains himself had sung.

This calm recess discovers on the right, a plain obelisk, having this inscription on the base :

GENIO

* This seat was formerly graced with these lines :

Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallis amnes,
Flumina amem, silvasque inglorius.

VIRG. GEORG. I. 2.

GENIO P. VIRGILII MARONIS
 LAPIS ISTE CUM LUCO,
 SACER ESTO.

To the Genius of Virgil
 Let this stone and grove
 Be sacred.

The path turns to the left by the root of a venerable oak, where we find these lines:

Sweet Naiad in this chrystral wave,
 Thy beauteous limbs with freedom lave;
 By friendly shades encompas'd, fly
 The rude approach of vulgar eye;
 Yet grant the courteous, and the kind,
 To trace thy footsteps unconfin'd;
 And grant the swain thy charms to see
 Who form'd these friendly shades for thee.

R. DODSLEY.*

* These lines alluded to the prospect of the CASCADE, which was beheld here in the most favourable point of view, and just below it, as if rising out of the white foaming surge, a leaden statue of the Medicean Venus was discovered with the most charming effect. Of this latter embellishment we are now deprived, through the gothic depredation of some miscreants, who cut it in pieces, and carried off as much as they could convey, on the night of the 6th of June, 1785.

A little further, opposite a dashing fall of water, we reach a seat addressed to Mr. Thomson, (Author of the Seasons, &c.), in these words:—

CELEBERRIMO POETÆ,
JACOBO THOMSON;
PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS,
G. S.

SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus Austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxofas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

VIR. 5 Ec.

To the celebrated Poet
JAMES THOMSON,
Near those Fountains in which he delighted
William Shenstone
Rais'd this seat.

What present worth thy verse can Mopsus find,
Not the soft whispers of the southern wind,
That play thro' trembling trees, delight me more;
Nor murmur'ring billows on the sounding shore;
Nor winding streams that thro' the valley glide;
And the scarce cover'd pebbles gently chide.

DRYDEN.

Every object of the grove, from this sweet seat, combines its force to delight the eye and bewilder the imagination. On our left the distant prospect of the foaming C A S C A D E, falls in silver sheets o'er craggy rocks, till unbending its ruffled brow, it glides in a smoothly flowing stream ; when, meeting with interrupting breakers, it rolls down in two separate divisions, leaving an enchanting little island between them. Uniting again and continuing a devious course, the smiling current, once more intercepted, precipitately tumbles down a ragged steep, and conceals itself under the arch of a bridge of the most simple construction.

The lines of Mr. SHENSTONE's friend, Mr. DODSLEY, are here peculiarly applicable :

“ — from the congregated waters pour'd,
“ The bursting torrent tumbles down the steep
“ In foaming fury ; fierce, irregular,
“ Wild, interrupted, cross'd with rocks and roots,
“ And interwoven trees ; till, soon absorb'd
“ An opening cavern all its rage entombs.

To

To the right (on the opposite side) we are equally pleased with a dropping fountain, creeping through the mossy veins of a wild stony mass, and stealing down the shelving bounds into the opaque glen, charmingly interwoven with stately trees and brushing underwood.

The path from hence approaches a sequestered spot, whereon formerly was a bench overhung with these lines :

O let me haunt this peaceful shade,
Nor let ambition e'er invade.
The tenant of this leafy bow'r,
That shuns her paths, and flights her pow'r.

Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies,
From social meads, and open skies ;
Pleas'd by this till her course to steer,
And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,
Forsakes the rivers' proud domains ;
Forsakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble stream :

And

And sure I hear the Naiad fay,
" Flow, flow, my stream this devious way ;
" Tho' lovely soft thy murmurs are,
" Thy waters lovely, cool, and fair.

" Flow gentle stream, nor let the vain
" Thy small unfully'd stores disdain ;
" Nor let the pensive sage repine,
" Whose latent course resembles thine."

From hence, looking down towards the grove, we take in a small prospect of the Cascade on the left, whilst the rivulet stealing artlessly through the flowry mead below, is just distinguishable amongst the spreading branches of lofty trees.

We now return back nearly to Virgil's obelisk, and thence descending, cross over a wooden bridge, and are conducted by a winding path on the left, through a beauteous glen directly up to the Cascade, which breaking at once fully on the view, arrests us with sudden admiration ; the white foaming sheet precipitately tumbling into a deep expanse, buries for a moment its fury, and is contrasted by a smooth crystalline appearance ; soon however interrupted by rude craggy rocks and stumps, which again

again rouse its hoarse clamours, it bears along with added fury.

Advancing to the bottom of the fall, we find a rocky excavation, as if formed by the dashing down of the Cascade, within which, on the left side, we discover a stone seat and recess; directly opposite to this, on the other side of the stream, rose up the figure of Venus mentioned to have been destroyed:—Its stone foundation is yet discernible, and the pedestal which rested thereon was embellished with the following lines:

“ SEMI EDUCTA VENUS.”*

To Venus, Venus, here retir'd,
My sober vows I pay;
Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
The bold, the pert, the gay.

Not her whose amorous leer prevail'd
To bribe the Phrygian boy:
Nor her who clad in armour, sail'd
To fave disast'rous Troy.

Fresh

* Venus, half abash'd, reveals
Those charms her blush in vain conceals.

Fresh rising from the foaming tide,
 She every bosom warms :
 While half withdrawn she seems to hide,
 And half reveals her charms.

Learn hence ye boastful sons of taste,
 Who plan the rural shade ;
 Learn hence to shun the vicious waste
 Of pomp, at large display'd.

Let coy reserve with cost unite,
 To grace your wood or field ;
 No ray obtrusive pall the sight,
 In aught you paint or build.

And far be driv'n the sumptuous glare
 Of gold, from British groves ;
 And far the meretricious air,
 Of China's vain alcoves.

'Tis bashful beauty ever twines,
 The most coercive chain ;
 'Tis she that sov'reign rule declines,
 Who best deserves to reign.

Quitting the recess,* we find, on the left of the CASCADE, a small stream, highly impregnated with mineral particles:—It issues from under a square stone, bearing this inscription :

FONS FERRUGINEUS,
DIVAE QUÆ SECESSU ISTO
FRUI CONCEDIT
SALUTI.

The Mineral Spring,
Dedicated to the Goddess of Health,
In this retreat.

By an ascent‡, between the recess and chalybeate spring, we may mount up to the head of the CASCADE,

* This recess formerly bore these lines :

“ Intus Aquæ dulcis, vivoque sedilia faxo;

“ Nympharumque Domus.” — — —

VIRGIL.

which, Mr. Dodley says, Mr. Shenstone used to term a complete definition of a grotto.

‡ It is not customary now to conduct company this way, but return from the foot of the Cascade by a winding path, which runs occasionally beside the lake, till we are let out by a wicket into the road just opposite our first entrance.

CASCADE, where we are presented with a view of the Lake, which supplies the fall, and beyond it some gently ascending fields, blooming with verdure; a bench on the summit of the bank, which o'er-tops the Cascade, has this line;

“ *Claudite jam rivos pueri, fat prati liberunt.*”

VIR. 3 Ec.

Now dam the ditches, and the floods restrain,
Their moisture has already drench'd the plain.

On the right, a path strikes off through a wicket into the lawn, which surrounds the House, but now only used by the family; we therefore descend by the Cascade, and take the path on the left of the winding stream, which, although it conducts partly over ground we have already trodden, yet we are delighted with many new and picturesque scenes, which present themselves in our devious course, the rapid rivulet varies its form, and strays with artless beauty through the flowery dell, often but just discernible amongst the spreading branches of o'er-hanging trees.

C 2

After

After passing an arch our walk becomes obscur'd: this gloomy path formerly led to a root house, concealed in a reclusive nook, which having been considerably impaired by the mouldering hand of time, was removed:—we cannot, however, avoid thus far noticing it, for sake of the beauteous lines that were inscribed within:

Here in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays, and fairies dwell ;
Tho' rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, ascending high,
Darts thro' yon limes her quivering beams,
We frisk it near these chrystral streams.

Her beams reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave ;
The turf with daisies border'd o'er,
Exceeds we wot the Parian floor ;
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to the waters' fall.

Wou'd you then taste our tranquil scene,
Be sure your bosoms be serene ;
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life ;
And much it 'vails you in this place,
To graft the love of human race.

And

And tread with awe these favour'd bow'rs,
Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flow'rs ;
So may your path with sweets abound !
So may your couch with rest be crown'd !
But harm betide the wayward swain,
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane.

From this secluded spot we resume our walk, winding occasionally by the lake, which receives the stream from the Cascade. Its form has all the pleasing variety of nature, and is edged round by shrubs and trees, charmingly disposed without the least seeming regard to art.

We now discover the termination of our path, and are let out into the lane, just opposite the arched way by which we entered.

We have it in our power, however, to possess those pleasing scenes somewhat longer, and instead of riding back through the lane, and taking the high road to Hales-Owen, the horses, &c. may be sent on, and we can enjoy a most agreeable walk to the town. Entering the Leafowes again, at the gate which first admitted us, and continuing our course till we pass a little beyond the large lake,

the walk divides itself, when, avoiding our former route on the left, we strike up the opposite path, which winds through some delightful meadows: from a spot upon a fine swell, we have the best prospect of the house directly in front.

This neat building has been erected by the present proprietor, who, with a singular good taste, at the same time that he made every necessary enlargement for giving a splendid reception to his family, has, by the simplicity of the design, preserved every connective idea of the farm.—Indeed after the scenes which we have just enjoyed, where natural beauties alone have excited the most pleasing sensations, to meet the glare of art, which an over-ornamented pile would present, could only raise disgust, and foil every intention of the designer. Quitting those scenes we cannot avoid feeling a grateful regard for the embellisher, or, in a manner, creator of the Leafowes, the late Mr. SHENSTONE; —but what a degree of admiration must it excite to be informed, that 300l. per ann. was the extent of the income which Mr. SHENSTONE possessed, and how great must be our astonishment, that he could preserve thereon the appearance of genteel rank, and
indulge

indulge in the decorations which his genius and fancy prompted.

Mr. SHENSTONE's remains are deposited in Hales-Owen Church Yard; and within the Church is a handsome URN erected to his memory, adorned with the following

E P I T A P H.

Whoe'er thou art, with reverence tread
These sacred mansions of the dead—
Not that the monumental bust
Or sumptuous tomb ~~HERE~~ guards the dust
Of rich or great: (Let wealth, rank, birth,
Sleep undistinguish'd in the earth;)
This simple Urn records a name
That shines with more exalted fame.
Reader, if genius, taste refin'd,
A native elegance of mind:
If virtue, science, manly sense;
If wit, that never gave offence;
The clearest head, the tend'rest heart,
In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part?
Ah! smite thy breast, and drop a tear,
For know, ~~THY~~ Shenstone's dust lies here.

Ir

IT has been particularly fortunate, that the LEASOWES have fallen into the hands of a gentleman of sufficient taste to cherish, and even heighten their beauties; and from whose congeniality of disposition with that of the original arranger, there is little reason to fear their decline.—We cannot more forcibly impress this opinion, than by bringing to recollection the votive tribute which MR. HORNE has erected in the Wood-House, (*vide p. 6*) to the memory of MR. SHENSTONE; of which the following beautiful, and almost literal translation, delivered impromptu by a gentleman of poetic taste, cannot we hope, be deemed unacceptable:

“ To HIM who made these beauteous scenes his own,
“ Scenes, which before were rugged, and unknown;
“ To HIM whose *genius* all those beauties trac'd,
“ Whose *learning* dignified, whose *manners* grac'd:
“ HORNE to his SHENSTONE's never-dying name,
“ This seat, and rill devotes, and consecrates to fame.”

HAGLEY.



H A G L E Y.







A

C O M P A N I O N

TO THE

L E A S O W E S, &c.

H A G L E Y.

FROM the Leafowes we are invited, both by its proximity and fame, to visit the delightful park of HAGLEY. This favoured spot, once the retreat of the accomplished Lord LYTTLETON, as well as from being so frequently visited and sung by POPE, THOMSON, HAMMOND, &c. may be considered as truly classical ground.—The route thither from Hales-Owen is particularly beautiful, and would alone compensate the ride.

Charmed

Charmed as we must be on viewing Hagley, yet a recollection of the taste and genius of the nobleman to whom it owes its decorations, will leave little room for surprise at whatever may appear.

We enter by an extensive avenue, rising imperceptibly under the shade of limes, and other spreading trees, whose towering branches intermingling on high, exclude the noon tide beams, relieve the eye, and inspire majestic expectations.—Nor are they in the least disappointed, when at the termination of the avenue, the mansion strikes the view in full magnificence.—Our attention is arrested to survey this elegant pile, where grandeur is proved not to be incompatible with simplicity.

It is situated on a gentle rise in the midst of an extensive lawn, the composition a white free-stone; the entrance at the principal front is by a double flight of steps with an elegant balustrade; at the corners rise small square turrets; no fluted column or sculptured capital appear, but plainness and solidity reign throughout; while every embellishment which genius could contrive, taste select, or the pencils of the most capital masters bestow, are found

found within. We shall, however, avoid entering until we have noticed the park and its environs, with the most striking external objects.

On the North stand the offices and kitchen-garden, judiciously planted out of view by shrubbery, blended with evergreens and expansive lawns.

From the garden front the prospect is beauty itself; directly opposite, but by the distance, so contrived as to enhance its beauty, a light column erects itself, which, having its base fixed on the brow of a hill, and being sheltered behind by a stately grove, that descends on each side in semi-circular form, gives us a perfect rural amphitheatre, and forms a scene truly picturesque.

A little to the right, towards which the nodding grove seems to direct the eye, the church is situate; not only defended, but completely enveloped by venerable trees. From hence we behold a spacious lawn, skirted here and there with ivy'd oaks, &c. gradually swelling and rising to a wood, which marks the boundaries of the park, and over its lofty summit the bold tops of the Glent Hills, breaking,

as

as it were, the immeasurable limits of the horizon, finish the picture.

Reconducting our eye to the former prospect of the column, we view on the left a descent, down which winds a stately grove. This may truly be said to arise from the taste and genius of the noble director, who has lopped of the exuberancies of nature, and, by means of kindred art, given it the most pleasing form.

Beyond the top of the hill, another grove of smaller size opens, and presents us with a clump of Scotch firs; after which the sweeping lawn takes the appearance of a pleasing vale, rising by slow degrees, till it appears to reach the towering hills of Witchberry.

To the left of this beauteous hill, deeply embosomed in firs, the **TEMPLE OF THESEUS** presents itself; beyond it, on an eminence, rises with peculiar dignity an Obelisk, behind which extends a venerable grove of Oaks, “whose trunks “mossed o'er with age,” terminates this beauteous prospect.

The

The PARISH CHURCH, a small building of gothic structure, secluded amid encircling trees, next demands our observation :—

Beneath this antient *pile*, whose gothic tower
Pale ivy clasps, and circling elms embower,
Rests his pale head, who first these beauties plann'd
And rais'd this Eden with his fostering hand—
Dumb the soft music of his tuneful tongue,
On which the listening swains enraptur'd hung ;
That heart, which lately leapt at beauty's name,
That glow'd with virtue's, friendship's purest flame,
Beats now no more — let thoughtless man attend,
And mark the point where all his triumphs end !
With mournful pomp, by his unconscious side,
Cold as her urn, reclines his beauteous bride ;
To whose fair memory flowed the tenderest tear,
That ever trembled o'er the female bier :
O let congenial anguish pause, and weep,
Where beauty, genius, worth, in silence, sleep !

The finished inside bespeaks the artist ; the chancel windows are of beautifully stained glafs, which, although modern, yields neither for colouring or brightness to any of ancient production. Amidst several

several elegant monuments, is one of LUCINDA, first wife of GEORGE Lord Lyttleton, to the memory of whose virtues he has erected one of superior structure, designed by *Dayroller*, and inscribed—

To the Memory of Lucy Lyttleton,
 Daughter of Hugh Fortescue, of Felleagh,
 in the county of Devon, Esq.
 Father to the present Earl of Clenton,
 by Lucy his wife,
 The daughter of Matthew, Lord Aylmer,
 Who departed this life the 19th January, 1746-7,
 Aged XXIX,
 Having employed the short time assigned to her,
 In the uniform practice of religion and virtue.

Made to engage all hearts and charm all eyes,
 Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wise;
 Polite, as she in courts had ever been,
 Yet good, as she the world had never seen.
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentlest female tenderness combin'd;
 Her speech, was the melodious voice of love;
 Her song, the warbling of the vernal grove;
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong.
 Her form, each beauty of her mind express'd;
 Her mind was virtue by the graces drest.

The reverence this worthy nobleman paid to the memory of his amiable partner, in this beautiful epitaph, is likewise finely expressed in a monody, and several other pieces; which, whilst they breathe forth the sweetest eulogies to the lost object of his pure desires, return with tenfold force upon himself. On the same monument is a corresponding epitaph in Latin.

Nearer to the communion table is a white marble slab, thus engraved :

“ This unadorned stone was placed here by the particular
“ desire, and express direction of the late
“ Rt. Hon.
“ GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON,
“ who died August 24, 1773, aged 64.”

From the church we may take the path leading to the garden, which is elegantly laid out, where we find an Alcove with a room behind it, and, on one side, a very beautiful, undedicated urn.

Passing on, close to the garden pales, in a narrow walk, well shaded by overhanging trees, we have a bold rising lawn, where the eye is attracted by

an airy alcove, to the right of which is a stately obelisk, (both within his Lordship's grounds,) but out of the limits of the park.

Pursuing this track, which verges on the left hand of the park, we are brought to

T H O M S O N ' s S E A T,

an octangular temple, erected as much to testify his Lordship's esteem, as to commemorate the merit of this admired bard.* It bears the following inscription :

Ingenio

* The author of the Seasons gratefully notices those charming scenes and their amiable owners, in his immortal poem of Spring;

“ These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
“ Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
“ O LYTTELTON, the friend! thy passions thus
“ And meditations vary, as at large,
“ Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley Park thou strayest;
“ Thy British Tempe! There along the dale,
“ With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
“ Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
“ And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
“ Or gleam in lengthened vista thro' the trees,

“ You

Ingenio immortali
 JACOBI THOMSON;
 Poetæ sublimis;
 Viri boni;
 Ædiculam hanc, in secessu, Quem vivus dilexit,
 Post mortem ejus constructam
 Dicat dedicatque
 GEORGII LYTTTELTON.

To the immortal genius
 Of JAMES THOMSON,
 A sublime poet,
 And a good man;
 This Temple (built after his decease)
 In the recess, which, when living, he delighted in,
 Is erected and dedicated,
 By GEORGE LYTTTELTON.

“ You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
 “ Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 “ Thrown graceful round by Nature’s careless hand,
 “ And penfive listen to the various voice
 “ Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 “ The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 “ That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 “ Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 “ On the sooth’d ear.—

The sloping lawn from hence sinks gradually into the bottom of a fine grove, over the top of which, on a bold rising hill, peers a corresponding grove, seated on so lofty an eminence, that its trunks appear above the heads of the trees beneath; through an opening of which, Pope's building rises to great advantage, while the well known hills of Malvern, terminate the prospect.—Almost close to this temple of Thomson is a small seat under a tree, from whence (to the left) may be discerned part of the ruin.

Descending on the left, from the seat of the author of the Seasons, the path runs by the edge of a large precipice, from which we are defended by a close paling.—It appears a rocky excavation, and, from beneath, rise up some stately pines, whose pleasing appearance dissipates the terror which the naked cavity must excite. From hence we reach a seat with a small draw-well in front, and a fine prospect of the woods and lawn; behind it, seated in the centre of a neat garden, is

THE VICARAGE HOUSE,
with Gothic windows, which, though a little out of the bounds of the park, gives an agreeable variety.

Following

Following the winding path, which conducts along the edge of the park, under the umbrage of lofty elms, skirted on the left by humbler hazle and hawthorn, we meet a walk striking off to the right, which leads us to a seat, from whence we look down a deep glen thickly planted with trees ; crossing an opening in the glen, and continuing our route, we come to

T H E R O T U N D A,

an elegant structure of eight Doric columns, supporting a handsome dome, and seated on the eminence of a fine sloping lawn.

From a bench behind this dome, looking down the lawn, we perceive some beauteous reservoirs of the most lucid water, deeply shaded with large trees and thick set shrubs, the whole forming the most agreeable vista in nature, terminated by a delightful view of the Palladian Bridge.—The woods are now grown so lofty as to exclude the prospect of the Clent Hills and Ruin, which rise up behind us. Pursuing our route a little way to the left, we find a bench, from whence we view an extensive lawn, completely bounded by surrounding umbrage :—This scene strikes us with somewhat of the regularity

of art, which is yet heightened by two spreading oaks rising up in front, at nearly equal distance from the sides; and, in the middle, under the shade of the skirting wood, appears a handsome white Alcove.

From this seat we descend to the centre of a dark solitary glen, where,

Rude and irregular the branches spread
Of lofty trees, which proudly rear the head—
Vainly insulting in huge pomp they grow,
And lord it o'er their mould'ring fires below,
Whilst trickling down the sides of sloping hills,
Slow issuing currents fall in tinkling rills.

Striking through the glen we are led, by a path on the right running along the edge of the wood, to a SEAT at the foot of a venerable Oak, from whence, over the trees which rise in the glen, we look up to the Rotunda we have left, crowning the sloping lawn, and itself o'er-topp'd by the lofty branches of towering oaks:—This seat, so charmingly situated, is thus aptly inscribed :

LIBET JACERE MODO SUB ANTIQUA ILICE
 MODO IN TENACI GRAMINE:
 LABUNTUR ALTIS INTERIM RIVIS AQUÆ
 QUÆRUNTUR IN SYLVIS AVES;
 FONTESQUE LYMPHIS OBSTREPUNT MANANTIBUS
 SOMNOS QUOD INVITET LEVES

Hor. Epop. 2.



Beneath an Oak's embow'ring shade,
 Or on the grafts behold us laid :
 While near there rolls a rapid flood,
 The songsters warbling in the wood,
 And gurgling down the verdant steep,
 Cascades prolong our balmy sleep.

Winding from hence, by a path on the left thro' a kind of Arcadian desart, we reach a double bench, from whence we look up a verdant slope, bounded on each side by full grown oaks, and closed at the extremity by some of inferior size; behind those abruptly rises a lofty hill, swelling out with a beautiful convexity of the smoothest verdure, and crowned with a clump of firs aspiring to the clouds. Conducting the eye along the trees on our right, we discern, under their friendly umbrage, a lonely

URN,

URN, which is dedicated to the memory of POPE: Nothing can be finer than its situation beneath the drooping boughs; every surrounding object disposes the mind to the most awful impressions.

Proceeding up the path way we next reach a
DORIC PORTICO,

upheld by square pillars, situated on the top of a very high and beautiful lawn, bounded on all sides by a grove; nor is water wanting to embellish the scene, a small lake in the adjoining valley being discovered through the foliage beneath.

Directing our view over the trees on the left, we catch sight of the Octangular Temple, just discernible amidst the embowering foliage, beyond which, to the right, on an eminence much higher than our situation, the OBELISK majestically erects itself, and, as if disdainful of all competition, discovers its base, seated on a verdant spot, above the summit of the loftiest Oaks, whilst its top is lost amid the clouds which o'er-hang the woods stretched out behind. This Portico is called POPE'S BUILDING, and bears the following motto:

QUIETI

QUIETI ET MUSIS.

To Retirement and the Muses.

Quitting the Portico, and winding along the favourite walk of POPE, which runs deviously thro' the grove, we arrive at a bench, which presents us with a view, beyond the opposite trees, of a beautiful plain, extending itself, on one side, to the hills of Witchbury, and over the firs with which this hill is crowned, the distant Wrekin uprears its cloudy front.

Our walk continues to an opening, from whence we have a distant view of the House, which appears as if seated in a wilderness, and shews itself with additional lustre, while the snowy-headed mountains of Wales, rearing their high tops amongst the dusky clouds, terminate the prospect.

The path, winding along the vale, through a thick planted grove, leads to a rising hill, on the level summit of which we meet a desired seat; around us an immense prospect enchanteth the eye, and the following lines from Milton, charm and relieve the mind :

“ These

“ These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
 “ Almighty! thine, this universal frame,
 “ Thus wond’rous fair; thyself how wond’rous then!
 “ Unspeakable, who fits above the heavens,
 “ To us invisible, or dimly seen
 “ In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 “ Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.”

It would be vain attempting to describe the beauties of the unbounded scenes before us:—a Milton’s strains could scarce convey their picture.* We shall content ourselves with presenting the words of THOMSON:

“ ——— the height, from whose fair brow
 “ The bursting prospect spreads immense around:
 “ And snatch’d o’er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 “ And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 “ And villages embosom’d soft in trees,
 “ And spiry towns by surging columns mark’d
 “ Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
 “ Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind haunt
 “ The *Hospitable Genius* lingers **S T I L L,**

To

* It is to be observed that to enjoy this scene in its fullest lustre, we should view it just after sun rise.

“ To where the broken landskip, by degrees,
“ Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;
“ O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds
“ That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.”

Pursuing a shady path, which rises gently on the left, we for some time proceed along the brow of a sloping hill, from which we have a view of a country, rich beyond measure, and variously tufted o'er with trees. From hence our walk gradually descends by the edge of a wood o'erhanging some ponds, where, turning to the left, we reach a seat, directly at whose foot appears a piece of water, every way surrounded by embowering trees, giving us the enjoyment of a complete seclusion : at its extremity rises a small island, nearly covered by a solitary oak, o'er-cased with ivy. Passing round this pond we re-enter the path we had left, and are conducted along the side of another piece of water to a vaulted recess, whose entrance is defended by moss grown trunks. From this the path directs us by the edge of the pond, up a steep ascent, to

THE HERMITAGE:

This seems a luxury which pomp inspir'd,
In envy of the peasant's lowly cot.

And

And here might disappointed ambition exclaim with the poet :

*" Sick of the world, contented would I dwell
Beneath these roofs, and bid its pomp farewell ;
Here innocence and peace should crown my days,
And my fond heart forget its throb of praise :
No longer conscious to the taste of blood,
The fruits of earth should be my humbler food ;
My thirst I'd slake in yon translucent stream,
With God my guide, my guardian and my theme."*

This secluded cell, apparently reared with the simplest materials of nature, blasted stumps and unhewn trunks of trees, whose fissures stopped up with earth and moss of various hues, give it every appearance of a work of necessity ;—such as we might imagine the hand of Selkirk reared, in Juan Fernandez.*

The inside of this wild mass is precisely similar to its exterior, and is surrounded by a rude wooden bench: the light has admittance only by the door,
the

* The Isle where the scene of *Robinson Crusoe* is laid.

the floor is paved, and the moss-clad walls have no other relief from furniture, than what is afforded by the humble bench which extends the length of the apartment, and a small board above it, containing these lines from the *PENSERO SO* of *MILTON*:

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage ;
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew :
'Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures melancholy give,
And I with thee will chuse to live.

Formerly there was an inner apartment which contained a pallet and mat, but through decay removed, and a fir tree is planted on its site. The situation itself justly corresponds with the architecture, being closely environed by the most beautiful grove within the demesne, intermixed with elms, chesnuts and oaks ; the left side adjoins the confines of the park, and the prospect to the right, closely bounded in by a sequestered grove, is sheltered by an o'er-hanging hill.

From

From the entrance of the Hermitage we are inexpressibly delighted with two enchanting prospects, one peering over the branching heads of the trees, presents us with a distant view of the country, where a few cottages interspersed between rising hills, add beauty to the rural landscape ;—our other view under the shade of their umbrage, gives a nearer and more confined (tho' no less pleasing) prospect of opening vales and spreading lawns.

From the Hermitage the path descends, winding under the shade into the hollow, and continuing that to the right, which leads up by the environ of the park, we come to a rough CONCAVE RECESS with a semicircular seat, over which, rudely indented in the mortar wall, are the words

OMNIA VANITAS.

All is Vanity.

Before us we have a deep glen, out of which the lofty ash, and spreading elms thickly rise, amid whose towering branches, as in a sacred retreat, a colony of rooks have fixed their home, and, by their unceasing cawings, add to the wildness of the scene.—Every object conspires to contemplation, and

and the force of the following lines may here be justly felt:

“ Mortal! whose foot my hallow’d haunt pervades
“ Approach the genius of these awful shades :
“ And learn—how vain the monarch’s purple state,
“ How low the boasted triumphs of the great ;
“ Compar’d with raptures which content inspires,
“ When wisdom guides the mind, and virtue fires—
“ Ye blinded wretches who for glory brave
“ The battles roar, and stem the raging wave ;
“ And ye who fired with boundless thirst of gain
“ Tempt the dark mine, or tread the burning plain,
“ To this lone spot retire, and know that ALL IS VAIN.”

T. MAURICE.

From this recess, continuing our walk above the glen, we gradually mount, in a winding direction, to a seat, behind which a gate lets us out of the park to one of the loftiest of the Clent hills, completely verdant, and, from whose summit, we shall find a prospect that will abundantly gratify the labour of the ascent. Returning to the park we are immediately struck with a view of

T H E R U I N,

encompassed by venerable trees; upon nearer view we are confirmed in every idea of decayed magnificence

cence which it distantly inspired. Here antiquity seems to have laid his heavy hand with added weight. The massy stones tumbled from its mouldering walls, the tottering, loose, o'erbending towers, and the thick rooted ivy, with which it is nearly covered, aid our first belief. But, upon close inspection, how great our surprise, to find it proves a modern structure, founded on utility, and erected for a lodge, at the same time so happily disposed, as to render it a material object from many different points of view.

If we are astonished at the greatness of the design, and its happy effect, how much should we admire the copious imagination of the projector?

One of the towers being left entire, has a most happy effect, by allowing scope to the imagination, to suppose what the noble pile might once have been, from contemplating its present state.

Within the tower, which is left complete, a winding stair-case conducts to the top, which affords an opportunity of surveying a prospect, that, for grandeur, variety, and extent, is no where rivalled. . . . By

By the path in front of the ruin, we reach a **TUMULUS**, surrounded by large old trees, having in the centre a slender ash, encompassed by a circular bench.—The scenes, except to the south and west, are shut out by the luxuriant growth of woods: South-west the dusky heads of the Welsh mountains extend; on the south a church and village just rise o'er a richly wooded plain, beyond which a finely cultivated country stretches away to the bounding horizon. Returning toward the Castle, and descending by a path on the south side, we again cross the deep dell, and reach the favourite seat of **POPE**, placed round the foot of a lofty oak, close to a dropping fount.

Thickly planted trees every way bound an irregular lawn, and, shutting out all other objects, rivet our attention on that immediately before us, an **URN**, ornamented with clustering branches of the vine, in bas relief, which Lord Lyttelton gratefully dedicated to the memory of a poet, whose talents have made immortal, and whose friendship, while living, he was proud to cultivate.—The pedestal of the **URN** is inscribed with the following lines, from the classic pen of his Lordship:

E

ALEX.

ALEXANDRO POPE,
 Poetarum Anglicanorum
 Elegantissimo, Dulcissimoque;
 Vitiorum Castigatori Accerrimo,
 Sapientiae Doctori Suavissimo,
 Sacra Esto.

Ann. Dom. 1744.

Sacred to the Memory
 OF ALEXANDER POPE,
 The sweetest and most elegant
 Of English Poets,
 The severest chastiser of vice,
 And the most persuasive teacher of wisdom.

From this hallowed spot we find the descent more steep; the Rotunda meets our view afresh, our route continues by the side of the dell, and, in a secluded situation, we reach a seat, placed under a lofty oak, bearing these lines, from Horace's 18 Ep. 1 Book.

Inter cuncta leges, et percontabere doctos,
 Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum,
 Quid minuat curas, quid te tibi reddat amicum,
 Quid pure tranquillet, honos, an dulce lucellum
 An secretum iter, et fallentis semita Vitæ.

“ Say,

“ Say, mortal, does thy soul for wisdom burn ?
“ For this the mighty volume dost thou turn ?
“ Ah cease the vain research, and rather strive
“ To learn the nobler science—how to live—
“ The pangs of care and anguish how assuage,
“ And quell impetuous passion’s headstrong rage ;
“ Wealth, wisdom, glory, never can bestow
“ Sublimer pleasures than from virtue flow.
“ Haste then, fond man, to this sequester’d gloom,
“ And steal thro’ life, in silence, to the tomb.”

T. MAURICE.

Taking the path behind this seat, we are conducted, in a winding course, to an URN, fronted by a piece of water, and dedicated

To the Memory of
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.
In whose verses
Were all the natural graces,
And in whose manners
Was all the amiable simplicity
Of pastoral poetry,
With the sweet tenderness
Of the elegiac.

On quitting this lovely spot, an aperture discovers a PORTICO, sustained by rustic pillars, situated on a steep ascent, enclosed by a wide-spreading grove. From a seat directly in front, we look up a piece of water to the Rotunda, and in the opposite direction, along a beautiful Vista, terminated by the Palladian Bridge.

This seat is exactly mid-way of the prospect from the Rotunda, mentioned in page 11.

Turning to the left, by a path winding gracefully along the side of the water, we arrive at the environ of the GROTTO, which entering through a small wicket, we find ourselves in the bosom of the most enchanting rural solitude.

From a bench at the foot of a large spreading oak, we survey the whole to great advantage; various irregular walks are interspersed amid lofty trees, and clumps of ever-greens;—rude rocks project, beneath which, and the moss grown banks, several Alcoves appear: in the most considerable (a large concave, with a semi-circular bench, and on either hand two small recesses) are placed these lines:

— Ego

Ego laudo ruris amœni
Rivos, et musco circumlita saxa nemusque.

I pride to sit, where the stream plaintive roves
Thro' plains, thro' moss-grown rocks, and nodding groves.

On this delightful retirement the noble designer appears to have lavished every decoration which taste could bestow, to heighten its original beauties. Nature, indeed, laid the ground-work, but art enlivened the colouring ; yet so justly are they blended, that they defy even the eye of criticism to separate them.

Looking up on the right, o'er banks enamelled with flowers, under the shade of laurel and other shrubs, we catch sight of a beautiful Medicean Venus, as newly risen from the foam, protected behind by an artless, rocky niche ; while

T H E C A S C A D E,

on the bold opposing shore, issuing from a rock, and rushing with violence over huge ragged stones, darkened by the thick over-spreading branches of large trees, strikes, with solemn splendor, on the

eye and ear;—the stream smoothing its surface by degrees, winds in soft murmurs down the vale, and loses itself amidst a thicket of laurels.

In this deep recess, where the sun scarce enters, moss-clad banks invite to repose, and we are saluted with the fragrant effluvia of wild flowers, which profusely adorn the banks, whilst every gentle breeze, like an attendant zephyr, wafts around their perfumes.

Quitting this elysium, we keep to the right of the water, at the edge of an irregular sloping lawn, whose summit, begirt with firs, and crowned with Thomson's Octangular Temple, captivates the eye by its peculiar grace.

A small wicket invites us again to enter the environ of the Grotto, and its extent yields a fresh variety.—From a bench, sheltered by the shading branches of an oak, whose enormous magnitude, and lacerated trunk, indicates the remotest antiquity, we catch an attractive view of this contemplative retirement.

This

This enchanting situation, graced with the richest shrubs, and heightened by the view of another CASCADE, falling rapidly from rock to rock down the embosomed vale, fills the mind with amazement and delight, till a ROTUNDA, rising up at an agreeable distance, attracts the sight and terminates the lovely prospect.

Though we should scarcely suppose it possible for this scene to be heightened, yet, descending a little, we discover fresh beauties: at the extremity of a superb sheet of water, close embosomed with full grown trees, stands

THE PALLADIAN BRIDGE, whose arches seem to engulf the lake. The Bridge supports a light airy ALCOVE, crowned with lofty umbrage, which completely bounds our view. After indulging in the enjoyment of this prospect, we are tempted to visit this Alcove, which we find inscribed:

Viridantia Tempe,
Tempe, quæ sylvæ cingunt super impendentes.

Delightful vales! with verdure ever crown'd,
Where shady trees the flowing streams surround.

The

The beauty of the scene from the Alcove is undescribable:—Every thing which the forest, stream, lawn, or architect could give, here conspire to yield delight. — Never was a work of the kind so happily imagined, or executed with such admirable effect.

Tho' thro' the scene rude wildness stands display'd,
'Tis still mere Art, in Nature's garb array'd.

From hence we are conducted through a narrow pass, along the lawn, by the margin of a murmuring rill, whose steepy banks, composed of large rocky substances, seem as if rent asunder by some subterraneous irruption of nature, whilst on either side a gushing Cascade adds to the solemnity of the whole.

Water scenes ever afford an agreeable variety in landscapes, and more particularly so when they strike the eye unexpectedly, when they burst from craggy rocks and roll in rapid broken torrents thro' rough channels cast in nature's coarsest mould, till having spent their foaming wrath in circling eddies, they turn, by slow degrees, to soft meandering streams.

The

The ponds before noticed, receiving the supply of various springs, are the sources or reservoirs, which gave birth to the several Cascades.

From hence we strike across the lawn, to

THE COLUMN,

which supports an elegant Statue of FREDERICK, the late Prince of Wales, his Majesty's father.

This elegant ornament rises from an eminence already noticed, and demands no less observance and admiration than many of its neighbouring beauties.

From this spot we may again proceed to the Alcove, from whence a path directs to the House, which now finally attracts our attention.

Casting a farewell glance over the surrounding objects, we may naturally exclaim,—

What fancied landscape in its richest dye,
Can with such varied scenes presume to vie?
Where nature, art, and judgment all combine,
And join'd by aid supreme, appear divine.

We

We now pay a visit to

THE MANSION,

whose decorations, particularly merit our regard; besides the collection of valuable original paintings and sculpture, the library is disposed with much taste, and contains a selection of the best ancient and modern authors, particularly poets and historians; and we willingly subscribe to the just remarks of the poetical describer of Hagley:*

“ Here live the reverend sages of mankind,
“ Whose works delighted, or inform’d the mind ;
“ The laurel’d offspring of immortal Rome
“ Live here, and with their presence guard the dome !
“ Here too her later sons not less in fame,
“ Whose fingers wak’d to life the pencil’d frame,
“ Or soften’d into sense the rugged stone,
“ And flourish’d ‘midst creations of their own.”

An elegant flight of steps conducts us into a magnificent Hall, adorned with highly finished stuccoing and sculpture.

P A I N T-

* The Rev. T. Maurice of Oxford, who published in 1776, *Hagley*, a descriptive poem.

PAINTINGS, SCULPTURES, &c.

Over the Chimney.

PAN courting DIANA, with the offering of a goat's fleece—in bas reliefo, after a picture of Carlo Maratti, by Vassali.

Medallions and ornaments by ditto in stucco.

The sculpture of the chimney piece, in stone, is finely executed, by Lovel; if aught exceptionable, the figures supporting the pediment seem labouring too much.

Statues in Scaglione, copied at Florence from the antiques in the Grand Duke of Tuscany's gallery: they consist of a *Dancing Faunus*, and *Ganymede* in the niches on the right hand of the entrance, and the *Medicean Venus*, and a *Mercury* in those on the left.

In the corners, on high pedestals, two fine marble bustos, genuine antiques, dug out of Herculaneum.

Six other beautiful bustos in white marble on suitable pedestals; two of them of *Rubens* and *Vandyke*, finely executed by Rysbraak.

The medallions and decorations in bas relief are finished in a superior style.

P A R L O U R.

Over the Chimney.

Lord Keeper LYTTELTON, Baron Mounslow; by Wright, a three quarter length.

On his left hand, Admiral SMITH; whole length, by R. Wilson.

Further

Further to the left, a fine three quarter length of Sir R. Lyttelton, K. B. by Pompeco Battoni, the colouring exquisite.

Under this, a landscape, being that part of the Villa Madama near Rome, where the Pastor Fido was first acted; by Richard Wilson.

On the right of the Chimney.

A whole length of JUDGE LYTTELTON in his robes, author of the book of Tenures, commented upon by Coke.—This is a copy of a picture in the Middle Temple Hall, by Cornelius Jonsen, taken from painted glass, in the window of Frankley church.—At Frankley the Lytteltons were anciently seated.

On the right of this, Dr. Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle; by Ramsay.

Further to the right, the present LORD WESTCOTE, when Governor of Jamaica; by Wilson.

Next, a full length of Thomas Lord Lyttelton, in his robes. The head, which is expressive and animated, by Brompton, the rest by Cosway.

To the right of this, an half length of Miss Hester Lyttelton, now Mrs. Fitzmaurice, sister of Lord Westcote; by Robinson.

Over the right hand door.

A small half length of George Lord Lyttelton, in his robes, holding a roll; a good likeness, by West.

Over

Over the opposite door.

The celebrated Lucy Lady Lyttelton ; an indifferent likeness, by Williams.

Under, Lord Westcote and Mrs. Fitzmaurice's pictures.

Two landscapes of Zuccarelli.

G A L L E R Y.

Over the parlour door.

Miss Stuart, afterwards Dutches of Richmond ; by Sir Peter Lely, or his best scholar Greenhill.

To the left of this door.

Sir William Fairfax, a three quarter length ; by old Stone. *Further to the left,* Lady Lyttelton, daughter of said Sir Wm. and first wife to Sir Charles Lyttelton, grandfather to Lord Westcote ; by Lely.

Next, Sir Charles Lyttelton, grandfather to Lord Westcote ; a good picture, by Riley.

To the left of this, the Dutches of Buckingham, daughter of Lord Fairfax ; by Sir Anthony Vandyke, an excellent picture.

Further on, John Lyttelton, grandfather to Sir Charles ; by Zuccaro, on a pannel.

On the right of the parlour door.

The Countess of Exeter ; by Vandyke ; extremely animated.

To

To the right of this, Lord Brouncker, and further on, the Countess of Southesk; both by Lely.

Over the Chimney.

A Virgin and Infant Christ; a beautiful picture, but doubtful whether an original of Vandyke, or a copy from him, by old Stone.

On the right of the Chimney.

The Countess of Suffolk, and *further on* an excellent picture of the unfortunate DUKE OF MONMOUTH; both by Lely.

Next to this, Miss Browne, sister of Sir George Browne; by ditto.

Over the drawing room door.

The Countess of Bedford; by Vandyke.

To the right of this, Sir Christopher Mims, an Admiral killed in one of the Dutch wars; by Vander Zoest; a good picture, but considerably impaired.

Further to the right, the PRINCESS OF ORANGE, mother to William III; by Gerard Honthorst, in fine preservation.

Next, Lord Treasurer, Sir Thomas Clifford; by old Stone, extremely animated, but rather injured.

To the right of this, OLIVER CROMWELL, a $\frac{3}{4}$ length, in armour, with Sir Peter Temple as a page, tying on his scarf. This is an excellent copy, by Jervis, from the original,

ginal, in the rich family into which Oliver's daughter Frances was married.

On the right of Cromwell, Lady Barrymore with her son; by Lely.

D R A W I N G R O O M.

This is furnished with tapestry representing birds, and the colours extremely fine.

Over the Chimney.

Pulteney, Earl of Bath, in his robes; by Ramsay.

On the left of the Chimney.

The Earl of Chesterfield; by Vanloo.

On the right of the Chimney.

Temple, Lord Cobham; by ditto.

Over the right hand door.

Mr. Henry Pelham, in his robes, as Chancellor of the Exchequer; by Shakelton.

Over the opposite door.

Lord Chancellor Hardwicke; by Ramsay.

The Ceiling, by Cipriani—it is unnecessary to mention the fineness of the execution.—It represents FLORA holding a chaplet and scattering flowers, with zephyrs hovering round her in the air. At the corners the Seasons are represented by sportive Cupids.

S A L O O N.

S A L O O N.

Over the door from the drawing room.

KING CHARLES I. by old Stone, in high preservation.
Opposite, his Queen, HENRIETTA MARIA; painter doubtful.

Over the Chimney.

The CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. by Vandyke, extremely fine.—The mastiff upon which Prince Charles leans inimitably executed.

On the right of the Chimney.

The marriage of NEPTUNE and CYBELE; these two figures by Rubens, the rest of the groupe and embellishments by Teniers.

On the left of the door from the Hall.

Hay, Lord CARLISLE; full length, by Vandyke.

On the right of the Hall door.

The Countess of PORTLAND; full length, by Vandyke.—The hands and drapery in his usual inimitable manner.

On the right of this.

JACOB AND HIS FAMILY JOURNEYING; by Giacomo Baffano.

Further to the right, Venus reconciled to Psyche, by TITIAN.

GREEN

GREEN DRESSING ROOM.

Over the door into the bed-chamber.

Charles II. painter unknown. *To the left, his Queen, Catherine of Portugal ; by Russel.*

To the left of this, a lady unknown ; by Lely.

Underneath, a landscape ; by Wotton.

On the left of the bed-chamber door.

A landscape, on the same subject as the Arcadia of Poussin, but differently treated ; by Cipriani.

To the left of this, Pompey's head brought to Cæsar ; by Dr. Wall, a physician and self-taught painter.

Two small heads, one of Major Lyttelton, brother to Sir Charles, the other of Thomas, Lord Camelford.

Opposite the window.

Sir Henry Lyttelton, brother of Sir Charles, and his first wife, Philadelphia, daughter of Thomas Cary, second son of Robert, Earl of Monmouth.

Under Lady Lyttelton, a Flower-piece ; by Van Hyfam.

Under this, a Boy in the character of young Bacchus ; by Dobson, highly finished.

Underneath, Thomas, Lord Lyttelton ; drawn when at Rome, after the manner of the old Roman coins and medals ; by Pompeo Battoni.

On each side of this, beautiful medallions, in silver, of the present Empress of Russia and the Emperor of Germany.

Over the Chimney.

A dead Christ, and the Maries weeping ; by Vandyke.

Underneath, a Dutch market-woman, with a hen ; by Blomart : and a perspective of the inside of a church, upon copper, after the Flemish School.

A lady unknown ; by Gerard Huntorst ; and miniatures by Peter Oliver, Cooper, and other masters.

Over the door from the saloon.

A Madona and Child ; by Rubens.

To the right of this, a little St. John ; highly finished, from the Italian school.

Under this, David with Goliah's head ; a copy from Guido Rheni, by Jordans of Antwerp.

Underneath, a Dutch bag-piper and surrounding groupe ; on copper, by Brughall, very neatly touched.

A view in the Torrid Zone ; by Pest.

G R E E N B E D C H A M B E R.

Over the Chimney.

Venus, with a dying Adonis, large as life, in the style of Annibal Carracci ; painter unknown.

On

On the left of the Chimney.

Yachts at sea ; by Stork.

A lady, unknown ; by Lely.

A landscape, being a view on the Rhine ; by old Greffer.

Over the door into the dressing-room.

A view of the rocks at Persfield.

Over the door opposite the window.

A view of Tintern Abbey.

Over the door next the Chimney.

A view of part of Milford Haven, by moon light.

INDIAN PAPER DRESSING-ROOM.

Over the door facing the window.

Sir Thomas Lyttelton ; by Van Somars.

On the left of this, Catherine, his wife ; by ditto.

Further to the left, Mr. John Lyttelton, father of Sir Thomas ; when a boy.

Under Lady Lyttelton, Mr. Edward Lyttelton ; half length, in the dress of Queen Elizabeth's age ; on a pannel.

On the right of the Chimney.

George and Ferdinando Lyttelton ; by Greenhill.

Over the Chimney.

The Holy Family in Egypt ; by Le Soeur.

Over the two opposite doors.

Thomas and John Lyttelton, drown'd when at Oxford; by Greenhill.

Opposite the Chimney.

Lot banqueting with his two daughters; by Lucco Giardino; a capital piece.

Underneath, the M I S E R S; a most excellent original of the celebrated blacksmith of Antwerp, Matsys. The expression is inimitable in this piece; 'tis undoubtedly genuine, and appears somewhat smaller than that at Windsor.

SCARLET BED-CHAMBER.

Over the Chimney.

Sir Charles Lyttelton in armour, with a black holding his helmet; by Le Fevre.

On the right hand, the Duchess of Portsmouth; a $\frac{3}{4}$ length.

On the left of the Chimney.

George, Lord Lyttelton; by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The outline excellent, but the colouring extinct.

Opposite the bed.

The woman taken in adultery; by Varatori, the best scholar of Paul Veronese. The expression fine, the figures animated, and the whole well preserved.

Underneath,

Underneath, Spanish soldiers playing at dice, an admirable imitation of Georgino's manner ; by Mr. Patoun.

Over the dressing-room door.

Mr. William Lyttelton, brother of Sir Charles.

Opposite this, the present Lord Fortescue ; by Whitby.

SCARLET DRESSING-ROOM.

Over the Chimney.

Christ with his disciples, at Emmaus ; by Le Brun.

On the right of the Chimney.

William, Prince of Orange, founder of the Dutch common wealth ; by Mirevelt.

Underneath, Sir Alexander Temple ; by Cornelius Jonson.

Over the Library door.

Sir John Lyttelton, dated 1557 ; by Zuccaro.

On each side of Sir John, Sir Thomas Lyttelton, father of Sir Charles ; by Van Somers ; and his Lady, daughter of Sir Thomas Crompton ; by Cornelius Johnson.

Under these, a landscape ; by Wotton : and a sea piece ; by C. W. Bampfylde, Esq.

On the left of the west window at top.

Sir Edward Carew ; by old Stone.

Underneath, Sir Francis Vere ; by Rubens's master.

On the right of the west window.

Ferdinando, brother of Sir Charles Lyttelton ; by Zoot.

Underneath, Muriel, daughter of Sir Thomas Bromley, Lord Chancellor to Queen Elizabeth, and wife to John, grandfather of Sir Charles Lyttelton ; by Cornelius Johnson.

On the left of the north window.

Prince Maurice, when young, nephew to Charles I. by Dobson.

Underneath, Lady Paget ; uncertain whether by C. Johnson.

On the right of the north window.

Sir Robert Stainmore ; by Gerard Hunterst.

Underneath, Lady Crumpton, wife to Sir Thomas Crumpton, and daughter of Lady Paget ; doubtful if by C. Johnson.

Under this, two small landscapes.

Over the door of the bed-chamber.

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of King James the first ; by C. Johnson.

L I B R A R Y.

Over the Chimney.

A three quarter length of POPE, with his favourite dog Bounce ; by Richardson.

Over

Over the dressing room door.

The celebrated Gilbert West; painter uncertain.

Over the door into the Hall.

Head of THOMSON; by Ackman.

The marble bustos of MILTON, SHAKESPEARE, SPENCER, and DRYDEN; executed by Scheemaker, and bequeathed by Pope to George Lord Lyttelton, adorn this apartment.

Over the four book cases are bronze bustos of HOMER, POPE, VIRGIL, and CHAUCER.

THE delightful scenes of HAGLEY have, if possible, received additional improvement, since they came into the possession of the present noble owner: — and the embellishments of the MANSION have been particularly heightened, by the addition of nearly one half of the capital paintings herein noticed, which have been furnished by LORD WESTCOTE. The truth of this remark will be confirmed by comparing the foregoing account with any catalogue or description now in print.

ENVILLE.

VERSES,

Written at HAGLEY, on the 4th of DECEMBER,
1788.

WHEN Philip's son that sepulchre survey'd,
Where palsied time the stern Achilles laid :
He view'd the pile with reverential awe,
Whose frail contents had given nations law ;
Upheld the recreant Greeks with godlike might :
And wrote in blood th' establishment of right.
If a rude Pagan thus could step aside,
To hail the dust once warm'd by human pride,
How much should I regard this hallow'd spot,
Where wealth the indigence of worth forgot ;
Where LYTTELTON with honour pass'd his days,
And Bards bestrew'd the threshold with their ba
Where THOMSON led the motley hours along,
And drew the Seasons in immortal song :
This is the bank where POPE his heart explor'd,
And wove a theme which BOLINGBROKE ador'd :
This is the vernal avenue he trod,
Imbibing thought to venerate his God :
Each tinkling rill, each mount, each dale, each tree,
Are sacred all, as Israel's ark, to me :
Or Jubal's timbrel or the Delphic hall,
Or the Palladium on the Trojan wall.
In scenes like these by inspiration fed,
Embower'd at Tusculum the Roman read :
Impell'd by love and hope I rove around,
Yet dread to violate the classic ground ;
Or wound some flow'ret by my vagrant feet,
Rais'd from a root that deck'd the muses seat.
So pale, so panting, mov'd the steel-wrapt bands,
Who drove the savage Turk from Syria's lands ;
And pierc'd with fearful zeal thro' Salem's gloom,
To lay their trembling hands on Jesu's tomb.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.



E N V I L L E.



From the Birmingham & Stafford Chronicle.

E N V I L L E,

A beautiful little landscape, designed and tinted after nature.

HERE elegance and nature are combin'd,
Here heaven another Eden has design'd,
To charm, to bless the illustrious owner's mind.

Britain's Vitruvius chissel'd out the dome,
Science, with all her inmates, deck each room,
And exercise witholds great STAMFORD from the tomb.

Spring, Summer, Autumu, decorate the place,
And eke hoar Winter, when fleet Dian's race,
Make woods and vallies ring with all the honors of
the chace.

The doubling fox, on whom the hunter preys,
Thro' the thick copse in palpitation strays,
Eluding ruthleſs man and all his wily ways.

Before the mansion, on the vernal lawn,
In wanton movements, scuds the agile fawn,
E'en thus we sport with care at reason's early dawn.

Here oaks erect their tow'ring heads, in pride,
Here elms, in rows, beskirt the meadows side,
And spotted trout, elate, mid pebbly riv'lets glide.

Here human wit learns government from bees,
Here choral synods carol in the trees,
And Hygeia freights with health the circumambient
breeze.

Emblem of time, behold the mowers wield
Destruction's scythe, and vegetation yield,
While Flora strews her gifts o'er the new shaven
field.

Around the precincts of the gay domain,
Full many a cottage peeps to mock the vain,
Where rosy sylvans doubt, if love or life has pain.

At eve, if envious sylph should not annoy,
Circling the hearth, they pass the jest and toy,
And waste their chequer'd beings 'neath the wing of
joy.

See near yon village smoke, devotion's spire,
Thither the old, the young, the meek retire,
Whom radiant faith, and hope and charity inspire !

When scenes like theſe are given to the fight,
The gazer's heart should challenge the delight,
And ſuch the hamlet owns the Lord of ENVILLE'S
right.

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

A

C O M P A N I O N

TO THE

L E A S O W E S, &c.

E N V I L L E.

FROM HAGLEY, the seat and improvements
of the Earl of STAMFORD, at ENVILLE,
naturally attract our attention.

Our ride thither lies through a country delightfully varied: as we touch upon the edge of Stourbridge, whose extensive glass and clothing manufactures give employment to numbers, a visit to some of the principal, will abundantly gratify the curious.

Our

Our approach toward Enville is over a wild heath, nearly barren. As we get sufficiently near to discover his Lordship's grounds, the contrast is extremely fine; opposed to the bleak desart, the verdant sloping lawns of Enville appear with ten-fold lustre, ~~edged~~ and interspersed with luxuriant woods, from whence peep forth, with singlars beauty, various grotesque Alcoves.—

“ There, STAMFORD, rural swain, delights to roam,
“ While round the tumbling torrents dash their foam;
“ Or in some shed, of fancy's work, reclines,
“ Sooth'd with the murmurs of his waving pines.
“ GREAT PEER! ennobled by the gen'rous mind,
“ Who, like the mighty fathers of mankind,
“ Scorns not the culture of his native plains,
“ Nor spurns the labours of industrious swains.”

T. MAURICE.

To the right, a hilly waste extends itself, far as the eye can reach, which is only relieved by a few solitary trees, dropped here and there: toward the House, the bleak top of a heathy mount, has been crowned with a handsome plantation of firs.

We approach the demesne by a large avenue, under the deep shade of oaks and chesnuts, which leads

leads us by the offices to the entrance of the Park, from which a path strikes across part of the lawn, to the environ of a shrubbery; and passing a wicket, we discover a light square building, called

THE BOAT HOUSE;

It fronts a beautiful irregular sheet of water, and, from being placed upon an elevation, the variety and beauty of the scene, which it suddenly discovers to us, is inconceivably fine.

As the eye stretches over the lucid plain to its distant winding, we are struck with the full effect of a beautiful CASCADE, tumbling impetuously from rocky precipices in three distinct falls, beneath the deep o'erhanging umbrage, which sheds additional lustre on the spangled foam.—The whole is backed by a boldly rising wood, extending itself over the ridge of a hill, which rises on the right, and stretches away, gradually diminishing, till it but just affords sufficient shelter to an ancient GOTHIC GATEWAY, which we discover on the summit of a beautiful slope. Toward the bottom of this descent, we descry the rocky mouth of a Grotto, from whence the lawn sweeps away toward the House, 'till obscured by a skirting wood which terminates the scene.

The

The inside of the building, from whence we discover so many beauties, is decorated with stuccoing, disposed in medallions, festoons, &c. the window is composed of beautiful stain'd glass, displaying grotesque groupes, which form a new and diverting scene, when closed upon the luxuriant landscape we have just enjoyed.

From this building our walk winds under waving pines and shrubs, through whose thick foliage the glistening LAKE is at times dimly discovered, till we are led into the Park, where we behold it with renewed beauty: the path proceeds round its extremity till we come opposite to a tall fir tree, from which we enjoy, in a most advantageous point of view,

THE MANSION,

a handsome white structure; which, although for the greatest part modern, carries with it the air of respectable antiquity, happily corresponding with the venerable aspect of the surrounding woods.— The center, which recedes from the wings, has the windows formed with pointed Gothic arches, and is flanked with two octangular towers—from these the wings extend, appearing as modern additions, and

and round the top of the whole runs an embattlement: this abundantly conceals the roof, which so disgustingly presents itself to view, in many, even modern buildings.

On the left, a considerable addition is built, which being judiciously planted out of view, as well as the brick offices on the other hand, the whole strikes us with an air of pleasing uniformity.

From the house, stretches forward a floping lawn that rises boldly on the left, while the intervening sheet of water, skirted by the shrubbery and building we have left, gives to the whole a most pleasing effect.

From the border of the Lake the path leads thro' a wicket, into a neat shrubbery, where, through the various tinctured foliage, we are dazzled with the crystalline reflections of the stream, running along the glen on our right—immediately arriving at a SEAT, we behold

T H E C A S C A D E

in its fullest force, dashing o'er impending rocks into a deep glen, whose ragged sides are scarcely hid
by

by the thick laurel and tufted shrubs which o'erhang its edge; while the view which we here catch of the building, beyond the lake, considerably relieves the whole.

Pursuing a winding path, amid odoriferous shrubs, we pass over an artless bridge, composed of a single plank, which crosses the stream between the first and second fall. Here we look down the dashing stream, between a WOODY VISTA, judiciously broken by a kind of arch, formed by an o'er-bending mossy trunk. To the front of the Boat House, the vast expanse of water, every way begirt with deep foliage, without appearing in any part crowded, gives an air of magnificence to the whole scene.

From a bench, at the foot of a venerable ash, clustered with ivy, we enjoy the SECOND CASCADE, rushing closely by us, at the same time we retain our former prospect with added lustre. The walk thro' this shrubbery is truly delightful, nor is it almost possible to conceive any object which could heighten its beauties. Quitting its environ, we proceed along the edge of the great reservoir, which supplies the principal falls: from this we behold, over a small

small CASCADE, the FARM-HOUSE or LYNDENS HALL, nearly enveloped by trees.

The path on the right leads through the edge of a coppice, to a circular seat, surrounding a beautiful YEW, from which we have a most extensive and diversified prospect, though somewhat flat: should we be tempted to continue this route by the inviting TERRAS WALK, which runs along the margin of the coppice, under a pleasing shade, we shall arrive at the GOTHIC GATEWAY before noticed.

'Tis however best to turn towards the Farm House; —passing a wicket we cross the edge of a dark coppice, and, leaving the building on our left, pursue a winding track occasionally shaded, 'till we reach a seat on the outside of the coppice, from whence the perspective is exquisitely fine. Over the tops of the environing trees on the right, the brown heath appears, beyond which we have a delightful contrast, in a richly cultivated country, stretching away to the utmost limit of the dusky horizon. From this, turning into the wood on the right, we ascend a winding path, which presently discovers to us

THE CHAPEL.

G

This

This *Little Building*, from its situation commanding views every way correspondent to those we meet with in the LEASOWES, has been, with much propriety, dedicated to the late WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

The deep gloomy umbrage, by which, except in front, 'tis wholly surrounded, gives it an air of peculiar solemnity, which is considerably heightened by the stained glass windows, enriched with ancient religious figures, that yield to the whole a venerable monastic air.—From the front we look down upon the stream, glistening through the impending boughs, closed by a thick wood, over whose extremity we discover the fertile plain, spreading away in all the beauty of varied cultivation.

The path, from this retreat, runs with a pleasing inequality through the midst of the wood, 'till, upon a small eminence agreeably shaded, we meet a bench, from whence, over a sloping wood, we look up a small lawn, gently ascending, on whose summit is erected, with singular advantage, a handsome

ROTUNDA,

o'er-

o'ershaded by a bold wood which stretches away behind. The path, varying with many steep ascents through the wood, conducts us into a verdant alley which opens into

THE SHEEP WALK,

an extensive and beautiful Down of the smoothest verdure.—Our situation is now the very reverse of that an instant before—no transition can be more striking, and the various beauties of Enville are singularly relieved by this pastoral addition.—From a thick wood, scarcely pervious to the meridian rays, we emerge into a verdant expanse, swelling out in the most graceful form, and are invited to gain an eminence, where, under the shade of a venerable Yew, encompassed by a square bench, we enjoy an agreeable repose, with a great variety of prospect. On the south west our view is so rich and unbounded, that the eye strays with wonder and delight, “unknowing where to fix.”—

Here having rested and indulged in the enjoyment of the various scenes which present themselves, we proceed up the path to

THE SHEPHERD's LODGE,
a white Gothic building, round which a few trees

are agreeably dispersed. The views from the lodge over the woods, and in almost every direction, seem of unbounded extent. The House is furnished agreeable to its simple exterior, and scarcely any ornament admitted which does not correspond with rustic taste. The plain wall and stair case side, stuck o'er with Christmas carols, ancient ballads, and such congenial embellishments, preserve the idea of the shepherd's residence.—One apartment only admits of exception, being neatly furnished, and the walls ornamented with perspective views, &c.

From the lodge we may pursue the path further westward, to a situation yet more elevated, from whence, if possible, a prospect of greater extent will be taken in. On both sides our view ranges over an improved country finely wooded, and backed by the distant tops of the Clee and other hills.

As we return from the lodge, the Down is considerably relieved by the trees, occasionally scattered, singly and in small plantations, which, while they amuse the eye, afford a friendly shade to the woolly inhabitants.—The path conducts to the environs of the wood, and, entering by a gate sufficiently wide to

receive a carriage, we are admitted into an extensive grassy road, and three verdant walks are immediately presented to us—taking that on the right, we are conducted, by a delightful sweep through the woods, to the ROTUNDA, at which we before had a peep, with the most pleasing effect. Eight Gothic columns support the dome—within is a seat, from whence we look down upon blooming meadows and corn grounds, amply diversified with trees and shrubs; directly opposite we have the Farm-house, from whence proceed to the heath two rows of trees in parallel lines, with such exact regularity as rather displease the eye, long accustomed to the delight afforded by nature's fantastic sportings: beyond the heath the richly cultivated scene again presents itself. Round the building is a small grassy terrace of peculiar softness. Resuming our verdant walk we again arrive at the wide grassy road* which leads to the GOTHIC GATEWAY;—this route, however, we only pursue for about thirty yards, when, striking

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* Directly opposite our entrance into this road, is another of sufficient breadth to admit a carriage, but by pursuing it we shall miss seeing the PORTICO.

ing into a narrow gravel-walk on the left, we have a bold descent, somewhat winding, amidst copse and trees, so closely set as to be impervious to the darting rays of noon: this leads us to

T H E P O R T I C O.

From this structure we look down a deep vale, whose steep sides are so thickly wooded, as to exclude any prospects in those directions; but we are amply recompensed by the fine opening which our elevated situation commands over the wood, that closes the termination of this beautiful valley: the top of the MANSION is discovered, beyond which a fine scope of country, heightened with every beauty of cultivation, extends to the utmost limit of the horizon. At the distance of near ten miles, although not half the extent of our prospect, we just discover the steeple of SEDGLEY CHURCH, which, with the scattered houses, windmills and other objects, abundantly relieve the view. This building is formed by square rustic pillars, supporting a suitable pediment and roof, and forming altogether a most agreeable recess. The walk crosses the PORTICO, and we ascend by a verdant path, close pent on either hand by the umbrage of copse and trees, to a solitary, secluded spot, in the midst

of

of which is placed an URN, decorated in *bas relief*, with the figure of a Ram reclining beneath a tree, in which we discover a nest with birds feeding their young,—embellishments every way adapted to scenes, where the fleecy inhabitant and feathered songster enjoy repose and shelter.

From this little lawn we have four grassy paths—taking the widest, (which strikes off to the right of that we entered by,) a rapid and winding descent conducts us to

THE COTTAGE:

This humble thatched dwelling, retaining every simplicity its name indicates, has the happiest effect in its secluded situation.

“ Hither ye vain, ye giddy, and ye gay,
“ Ye gaudy tulips of a short liv’d day,
“ Hither, oh hither lead your airy train,
“ And scorn those arts which reason must disdain :
“ No more let years in indolence be spent,
“ But come, and learn the worth of true content.”

A small circular lawn rises before the cottage, bounded every way by a thick hanging wood. On the

the left of the building an ample MANAGERIE extends itself, skirting the little lawn, and is well stocked with various pheasants and exotic birds.

Taking a narrow path, facing the cottage, under a close gloomy shade, we are conducted, by pleasing windings, to the extremity of the wood, and passing a wicket, are let out opposite a venerable oak, surrounded by a seat: from hence we turn down on the left, by a walk skirting the wood, which leads us to a fine irregular piece of water: a simple wooden bridge presents itself, by which we cross the head* of the stream, and ascending a walk on the left, under the shade of majestic oaks, our path leads us through a wicket along the verge of the shrubbery, and we mount up to a large white bench, situate beneath the umbrage of a venerable tree, o'er-cased with ivy. From this seat the view is particularly beautiful;

* Or instead of crossing the bridge we may make a circuit of the water, from the further extremity of which we shall be abundantly gratified by a pleasing view up the Lake, whereon two or three islands, tufted o'er with trees, have a most agreeable effect.

beautiful ; as we look down the gently sloping lawn, our attention is caught by an ancient spreading oak, whose blighted top and arms add to its venerable aspect.—On the right the opening boughs admit of our catching sight of the shining Lake, while, over the bounding foliage in front, the contrasting wild brown heath heightens the beauties of the fertile plain, extending to a thick wood on the left, which contracts our prospects in that point, and only just discovers to us the top of ENVILLE CHURCH.

Turning in on the left, we again penetrate the shrubbery, and pursue our devious course under waving pines, and other umbrageous trees, till we reach a seat — from thence we enjoy a most enchanting peep, through the spreading branches of a sycamore, to the embattled **GOTHIC GATEWAY** and a small slope of the intervening lawn, that flows down with peculiar grace, and receives additional beauty from the seclusion of other objects. Proceeding, our route continues along a most fascinating walk, till we arrive at a bench, from whence we behold the **CHURCH of ENVILLE**, rising boldly amid the deep green firs which aspire to eclipse it: beyond swells out with singular grandeur, a range of

hills, while, on the left, a variety of pasture, and fallow checkered, and often hid by thick foliage, bound the view.

Our walk is soon after terminated by the Garden entrance, at which we discover an elegant

GOTHIC BUILDING, highly finished, and possessing every air of a genuine Monastic Pile:

“ Coeval with those rich cathedral fanes,
 “ (Gothic ill-named) where harmony results
 “ From dis-united parts, and shapes minute,
 “ At once distinct, and blended, boldly form
 “ One vast majestic whole.” —————

ENGLISH GARDEN, B. 4.

Within, instead of the *sombre* arrangement, which its exterior indicates, we find an elegantly fitted up

BILLIARD ROOM.

The ceiling and other parts of this beautiful structure are decorated with stuccoing, and at each side, in opposite niches, the busts of HOMER and CICERO are placed. — In front is fixed an elegant Organ; and certainly no situation can be more inviting for the enjoyment of music—a

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correspondent harmony reigning in every surrounding object.

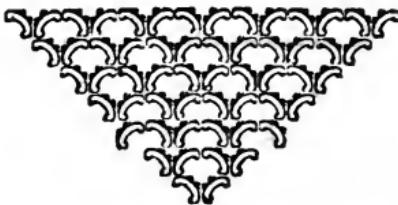
From this building we have a most striking prospect of the **GOTHIC GATEWAY**—through the arch'd entrance the glimmering light dimly discovers its pointed port-cullis, which, aided by its embattled top and flankers, and the majestic growth of the woods, rising up behind, strongly enforce the idea of its having been the inlet to some seat of chivalry.

Thus can *true taste*, in the judicious selection and disposal of various objects, not only be certain of commanding admiration, but throw the lustre of reality around the arrangements of fiction, which, unskilfully placed, must expose ignorance and excite disgust :—

“ Ornament,
“ When foreign or fantastic, never charms
“ Our judgment : here we tread on British ground ;
“ With British annals all the view accords.
“ Some Yorkist, or Lancastrian Baron bold,
“ To awe his vassals, or to stem his foes,
“ Yon massy bulwark built ; on yonder pile
“ In ruin beauteous, we distinctly mark
“ The ruthless traces of stern Henry’s hand.” MASON.

From

From hence we are conducted thro' the **GARDENS**, which are capacious and handsomely laid out. It is impossible, without regret, that we can take leave of a spot, whose abundant natural beauties have been heightened by the most refined taste:— indeed to enter into the enjoyment of all the charms which the walks of **ENVILLE** present, the limits of a day, much less that of the time usually taken in a visit, must be infinitely too short. It should also be remarked that the **PARK** of **ENVILLE** has the peculiar advantage of rendering its beauties accessible to the visit of the invalid, as its noble owner has, with the greatest liberality, disposed a carriage way throughout the whole.





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